For I haue murdred where I ſhould not kill.

Exit with his ſonne.

K. Hen. Weepe wretched man, Ile lay thee teare for teare,
Here ſits a King, as woe begone as thee.

Alarmes, and enter the Queene.

Queene. Away my Lord, to *Barwicke* preſently,
The day is loſt, our friendes are murdered,
No hope is left for vs; therefore away.

Enter Prince Edward.

Prince. Oh father flie, our men haue left the Field:
Take horſe ſweete father, let vs ſaue our ſelues.

Enter Exeter.

Exet. Away my Lord, for vengance come along with him:
Nay, ſtand not to expoſtulate; make haſte,
Or elſe come after, Ile away before.

K. Hen. Nay ſtay good *Exeter*, for Ile along with thee.

Enter Clifford, wounded with an arrow in his necke.

Clif. Heere burnes my candle out,
That whilſt it laſted, gaue king *Henry* light.
Ah *Lancaſter*, I feare thine ouerthrow,
More then my bodyes parting from my ſoule.
My loue and feare, glude many friendes to thee,
And now I die, that tough commixture melts.
Impairing *Henry* ſtrengthened miſproud *Yorke*,
The common people ſwarme like ſommer Flies:
And whither flies the Gnats, but to the Sunne?
And who ſhines now but *Henries* enemie?
Oh *Phœbus*, hadſt thon neuer giuen conſent
That *Phaeton* ſhould checke thy fierie ſteedes,
Thy burning carre had neuer ſcorcht the earth.
And *Henry* hadſt thou liu'd as Kings ſhould doe,
And as thy father, and his father did,
Giuing no foote vnto the houſe of *Yorke*,
I, and ten thouſand in this wofull land,
Had left no mourning Widdowes for our deathes:
And thou this day hadſt kept thy Throne in peace,
For what doth cheriſh Weedes but gentle Aire?

Yorke, an

And what makes rob
Booteleſſe are plaint
No way to flie, no ſtr
The foe is mercileſſe
And at their handes I
The aire is got into n
And much effuſe of b
Come *Yorke* and *Rich*
I ſtabde your fathers,

Enter Edward,
and

Edw. Thus farre o
And we are graſt wi
Some troupes purſue
That now towardes
But thinke you that
War. No, tis impos
For though before hi
Your brother *Richar*
And where ſo ere he

Clifford gr

Edw. Harke, what
Rich. A deadly gro
Edw. See who it is,
Friend or foe, let him
Rich. Reuerſe that
Who kild our tender
And ſtabd our prince
War. From off the
Your fathers head wh
In ſtead of that, let hi
Meaſure for meaſure
Edw. Bring foorth
That nothing ſung t
Now his yll boding t
War. I thinke his v

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